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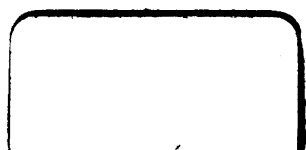
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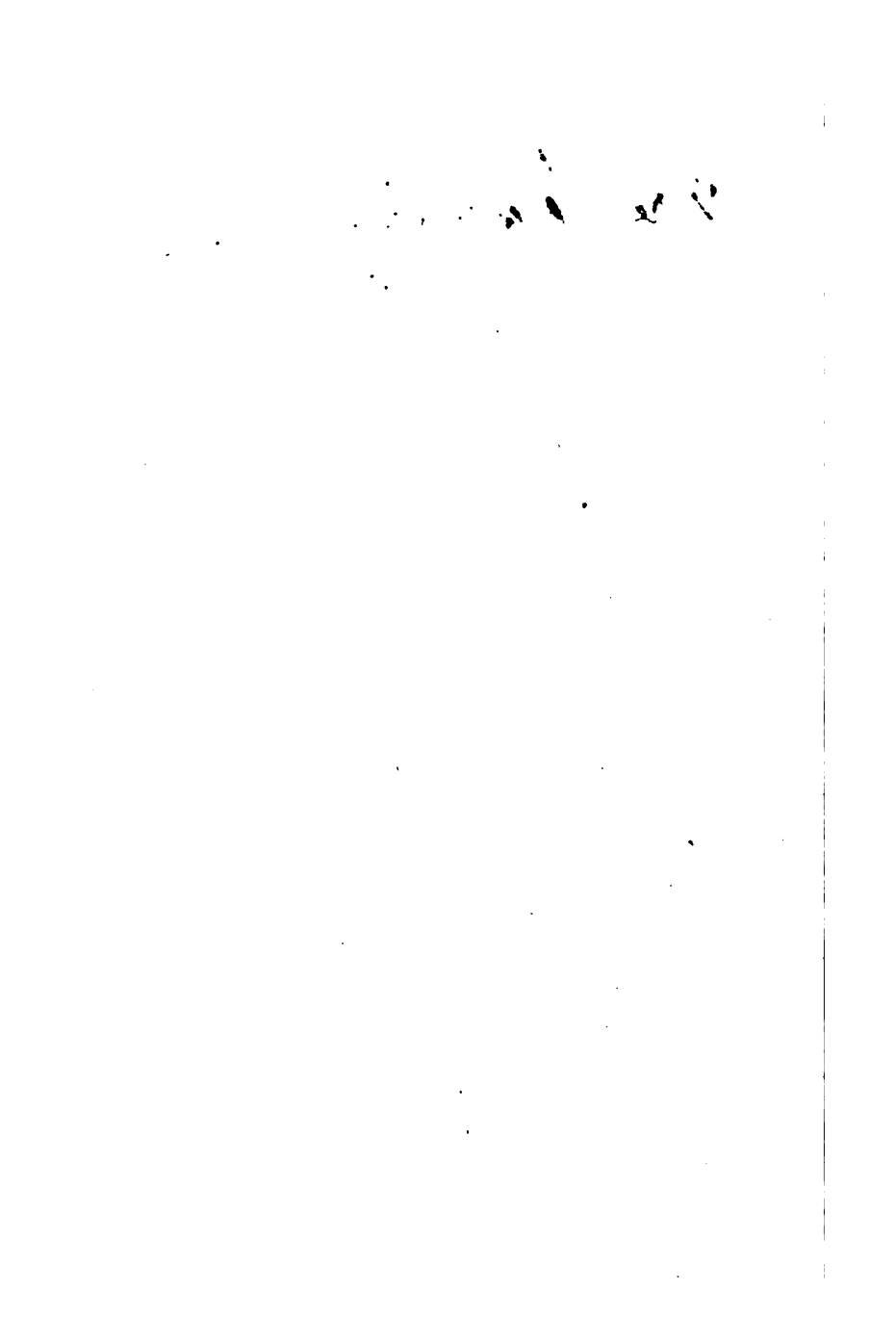
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FIRST EDITION
EDITION, 185

Vere Leighton. Leighton
1853



HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Translated from the German.

LONDON.—1853.

APA3233

LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

In Memory

OF HER,

WHO COMMENCED THE TRANSLATION

OF THIS LITTLE BOOK,

IT IS NOW DEDICATED,

BY HER DAUGHTERS,

WITH SISTERLY AFFECTION,

TO HER GOD-CHILDREN.

PREFACE
TO THE FIRST EDITION
(CONTAINING THE FIRST PART ONLY).

THE following verses, which are nearly literal translations from hymns and poems in a small German book for the use of children, published at Hamburg, were written without any view to publication, but for the amusement and instruction of the author's children.

It has been suggested to her that they may be useful in other nurseries as well as her own; and she therefore commits them to the press, claiming for them no merit but that of a faithful imitation of the simplicity of the original; and desiring no other success than that of being, in some degree, instrumental in raising the minds of children to the contemplation of the works of their Creator.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first part of this little work was published in 1837. Some of the hymns in the second volume of the German book had been translated since from time to time, but without any idea of their appearing in print. Now, however, when it has pleased God to take to Himself her by whom this work was begun, it has been thought that many who knew and valued her might be glad to make her known to their children through the medium of these verses, leading them at the same time to that Heavenly Father about whom she delighted to speak to children, and that others also might find these hymns useful in their nursery libraries.

The translation has therefore been completed,

— PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

and is now committed to the press with a humble
hope that the blessing of God may rest upon it,
and upon the children into whose hands it may
fall.

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HYMNS AND POEMS.

PART I.

Some of God's Gifts.

Two eyes have I, both bright and clear,
Which swift can glance afar and near ;
Can mark each flow'ret on the ground,
Yet high as heav'n can gaze around :
These eyes were gifts from God to me,
And His are all things that I see !

Two ears are fastened to my head,
With which to hear whate'er is said ;

To hear Mamma, with tender care,
Bid me of evil to beware ;
Or dear Papa, in accents mild,
Call, " Come to me, my darling child."

A mouth, a mouth I have also,
Of which I make full use, you know ;
With it I utter each request,
By it are all my thoughts exprest ;
And I can laugh, and sing, and pray
To God who hears each word we say.

Of hands too, see ! I have a pair,
The right is here, the left one there ;
On each, five fingers, which can hold
My playthings now, till I grow old ;
Then, when I cease a child to be,
I will employ them usefully.

Two feet I have, which trot about,
When with my parents I go out ;

And though in trying far to jump,
I sometimes fall, and get a thump ;
Yet never mind, I try again,
And shall not always try in vain.

A heart I have, with which to love
Kind friends on earth, and God above :
And all these blessings, hands, feet, eyes,
Ears, mouth, and heart, with all we prize,
E'en life itself, full well I know,
To God's great goodness all we owe.

Morning.

How joyous I wake to this morning's light,
How sweetly I slept all through the past night !
My Father in heaven, all thanks be to Thee,
That Thou hast been pleased to watch over me :
Oh ! during this day be near to me still,
To guard and defend me from every ill !

Evening.

GREAT God, who liv'st above the skies, .
I now must close my sleepy eyes :
While in my little bed I rest,
Oh, let me still by Thee be blest !
Hear, gracious God, whene'er I pray,
And o'er me watch both night and day.

Thou, gracious God, my parents say,
Thou hearest always when we pray ;
And e'en a little infant's prayer,
Thou wilt not think beneath Thy care :
Then, Lord of heaven, to me give heed,
And kindly grant me all I need !

OH ! merciful God, Thou art gracious and kind,
Thine all-seeing eye never slumbers nor sleeps,
Thou bearest Thy people for ever in mind,
E'en children in safety Thy Providence keeps ;

Vouchsafe, then, with favour, to look upon me,
And keep me for ever from all evil free!

Now another day is o'er,
I lie down to sleep ;
For my little eyes no more
Can I open keep.

Dear Mamma has cover'd me,
Snug and warm to rest,
Till the Sun again we see,
And I leave my nest.

Parents ever good and mild,
Guard me through the night,
Watch o'er me, their darling child,
Always with delight.

But I have, in heav'n above,
A kinder Father still,
Who, with never-ceasing love,
Keeps me safe from ill.

He doth ne'er His eyelids close,
He preserves us all ;
Kindly gives us sweet repose,
And listens when we call.

Gracious Father, now I pray,
Deign Thy child to hear :
And henceforth, both night and day,
Bless my parents dear !

To a Little Sister.

My dear little sister, now listen to me,
And let us try always how good we can be ;
For thus to Papa and Mamma shall we give
True pleasure, and comfort, as long as we live.
On good little children e'en God loves to look,
For so He has said in His own Holy Book ;
When brought to Him here, He embraced them
with love,
And now watches o'er them from heav'n above ;

The angels around Him rejoice with Him too,
When children are gentle, and loving, and true.
Then, Sister, dear Sister, oh ! listen to me,
And let us try, always, how good we can be !

Child's Prayer for its Sick Mother.

THOU, gracious God, who canst do all,
Oh ! hearken to an infant's call ;
My poor Mamma lies ill in bed,
With trembling limbs, and aching head :
How could *I* live without her care ?
Then, Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Give back this dear Mamma to me,
That I Thy happy child may be !

The Sick Child.

I **FEEL** very ill, with such pains in my head,
I must take bitter medicine, and stay in my bed ;
My dearest Mamma, who is grieved at my pain,
Has long tried to cure me, but still all in vain :
Oh ! Father in heaven, to whom we belong,
If it be Thy good will, make me healthy and strong !

The Child Recovered.

I **THANK** Thee, I bless Thee, my Father in heav'n ;
Thou hast raised me from bed, and fresh health Thou
hast giv'n :
When in sickness and pain, to Thee, Lord, I pray'd,
Thou heardest my voice, and Thou quickly gav'st
aid :
Henceforth let me love Thee still more than before,
And endeavour to grieve Thy good Spirit no more !

A Wish.

I WISH to be always a good little child,
Obedient, and thankful, and docile, and mild;
That so, in return for Mamma's tender love,
A comfort and blessing to her I may prove.
Then, Lord, send me help, that henceforth I may be,
More pure, and more holy, more like unto Thee!

LORD God, can it indeed be true
That Thou who seest all we do,
Art grieved, whene'er we go astray,
And leave the straight and narrow way?
Art Thou so kind, and shall not we
Delight to serve and worship Thee?
Oh! give me grace to flee from ill,
To love Thy name, and do Thy will!

The Child and its Mamma.**CHILD.**

THE angels in heaven praise God in their songs,
And declare that to Him all glory belongs;
And I also should love with them to unite,
To praise the Great Giver of Life and of Light;
But He is so mighty, and I am so weak,
I scarcely can hope He will hear when I speak.

MAMMA.

Oh, fear not, my child! In His Book we may
read,
How, even to infants, He kindly gives heed,
And how Jesus Himself once lived as a child:
Be you but like Him, ever lowly and mild,
He'll pity your weakness, your failings forgive,
And admit you, hereafter, in heaven to live.

The World and its Creatures.

How various the creatures who dwell on this
earth!

And they each have their station assign'd ;
While all are supplied with fit shelter and food,
To provide for the wants of their kind.

Each poor tiny mouse, though so helpless and
weak,

Can prepare for its children a nest ;
And finds for them bits of nice sugar or bread,
While they warmly and snugly may rest.

The dear little birds, whom we see high in air,
Or so busily feeding below,
In beautiful coats of warm feathers are clothed,
To defend them from rain and from snow.

The slow-creeping worm, and the gay butterfly,
Are both furnish'd with all that they need,
When the dew-drops they sip, or some green leaf
can find,
Upon which they contentedly feed.

And who is it, then, that with fatherly love,
Hath provided that thus it should be?
'Tis God, who first made, and still watches o'er
all;
And He doubtless cares also for me!

The Child and the Bee.

CHILD.

Oh! tell me, busy bee, I pray,
Who taught thee thus 'midst flow'rs to stray?
And who prepared the plenteous feast,
Which in each fragrant rose thou seest?

BEE.

The same kind Pow'r, who cares for thee,
Cares also for each little bee :
He gives us instinct for our guide,
And thus are all our wants supplied.

The Worm.

Be tender and kind to all things around,
And e'en to the worm that crawls on the ground ;
Though mean is his dress, and lowly his lot,
The great King of kings despises him not :
He gave him his life, and watches him still,
And wills not that we should e'er treat him ill ;
He moistens the earth, that there he may feed,
And kindly attends to his every need :
Since God, then, provides for his comfort and joy,
Oh! do not *you* hurt him, my dear little boy !

Corn.

Look here, and tell me, I entreat,
What life is in this grain of wheat?
And yet, if buried in the ground,
For some few months, it will be found
To rise again, and flourish there,
Rejoicing in the balmy air;
And grow, and thrive, and bring forth fruit,
To praise the Lord, who form'd its root.

A Walk in Spring.

Who has thus decked the world with flow'rs,
All tinged with hues so bright,
Of red and yellow, white and blue,
To please and charm the sight?

Who, in the garden and the field,
Creates this rich display ?
Where all was once so cold and bare,
'Tis blooming now, and gay.

Who is it that has caused the sap
Through all the stems to run ?
And watered them with morning dews,
And warmed them with the sun ?

Who is it that has made them thus
To rise so sweet and bright,
That all mankind, both young and old,
In them may take delight ?

Who is it, or who could it be,
But God, whose love and pow'r
Are thus, at each returning Spring,
Displayed in ev'ry flow'r ?

A Summer's Day.

How joyous all the insects seem,
 Call'd forth by this bright day!
I wish that I could count them all,
 As in the sun they play!

Each cockchafer that hums along,
 Each crawling worm, poor thing;
And ev'ry painted butterfly,
 Or bee with loaded wing.

One only Being knows them all,
 And marks their various ways:
The whole creation He protects,
 And Him let all things praise!

Autumn.

POOR little tree, I grieve for thee !

Alas, how fast

Thy youth is past,

And faded all thy leaves I see !

Upon the ground

They're strewed around ;

For cold the autumn winds do blow,

And lay thy withered foliage low.

But cheer thee up, my little tree !

Though desolate

Is now thy state,

This gloomy season quick will flee :

Then, changed the scene,

Fresh robes of green,

The wondrous hand of God shall bring,

To deck thee out another spring.

Winter.

OH ! where are all the flowers gone ?
In earth they slumber ev'ry one ;
There in soft beds of snow they lie :
Disturb them not, ye passers-by !
The new year comes with sunny ray,
And God walks forth in glorious day ;
Hastens their icy chains to break,
And calls, " Ye children, all awake !"
Then quick their little heads arise,
And at His word they ope their eyes.

The Birthday.

GRACIOUS Lord, my friends have brought
Kindly gifts, of all they thought

Would, on my birthday, please me best :
Thy love is greater, well I know,
Than that of all my friends below :
May I from Thee some gift request ?

Lord of all, give me, I pray,
Now, and ev'ry future day,
Whate'er Thou know'st is good for me :
Let me be Thy faithful child,
Like Thy angels, good and mild,
And evermore find grace with Thee !

Grant my parents length of days,
Bless and prosper all their ways,
And crown them still with happiness :
Watch them from Thy throne above,
Guard them with Thy tender love,
And cause them still their child to bless.

Sunday.

THIS is Sunday, day of joy,
For the mother, and her boy.

When the early bells do ring,
Dear Mamma does then repair
To the church you see out there,
Where they pray, and where they sing ;

Where the Word of God they hear,
Learn how gracious Christ has been,
How He died to save from sin
All who love, and count Him dear.

From my window soon I look,
Dear Mamma's return to see :
Then she takes me on her knee,
Teaches me to love God's Book ;

Tells me of some great command,
Which in church she may have heard ;
Or from God's own Holy Word,
Reads what I can understand.

Oh, what joy it is to hear,
All Mamma thus teaches me !
And 'tis joy to her to see,
How I lend a willing ear.

Happy Sunday, day of joy,
To the mother, and her boy !

Six tedious days of ev'ry week,
Papa, with busy cares opprest,
Can hardly find a moment's rest ;
And scarce a single word can speak
To his poor child, or snatch a kiss,
For fear some duty he should miss.

On happy Sunday rests my hope,
Through all the other dreary days :
That morning, with the sun's first rays,
I quick my little eyes do ope,
From the pillow lift my head,
And run to rouse Papa from bed.

He leads me, then, through meadows green,
Some pleasant walk o'er hill and dale,
Through shady wood, or smiling vale ;
And calls to mind how each gay scene
Was shapeless, once, and dark as night,
Until God spake, "Let there be Light!"

Oh ! Sunday, best and holiest day,
I love thee more than I can tell :
When, wakened by thy sacred bell,
I hear my dearest mother say :
"This is the Sabbath of the Lord,"
My heart rejoices at the word.

I AM too young, and must not go
To church, with friends and parents dear ;
But left behind, with looks of woe,
I watch them from the window here :
Cheerful and happy they depart,
And I remain with heavy heart.

My comfort is that I shall grow ;
I shall not always be too young,
But soon shall with the others go ;
Then I shall hear what hymns are sung,
Shall read of Christ's redeeming love,
And learn the will of God above.

New Year's Day.

ANOTHER year is now begun ;
Another gift from God above :
How many years their course have run,
Since first He view'd mankind with love !

And still He watches us with care,
Forsakes us not although we stray ;
But listens to each humble prayer,
And leads us back to wisdom's way.

From Him do all good gifts descend ;
And ever, from His glorious Throne,
He looks on children as a friend,
And marks the lowly for His own.
Through this, as through each by-gone year,
Great God, protect me, I entreat ;
Oh ! let me still to Thee be dear,
And in Thy paths uphold my feet.

TIME passes on ; year follows year,
And still in turn they disappear :
God's Patience stands through ages past ;
While all things change, it still shall last :
His faithful Eyes, which never close,
Watch o'er me through each night's repose ;

His Love attends me through each day,
And gilds more bright joy's happiest ray :
'Tis His Almighty Hand sustains
Sun, moon, and stars, with all their trains ;
And I, though mean, His kindness share,
He guards me with a Father's care.

Christmas.

Of all the seasons on this earth,
For heartfelt glee, and cheerful mirth,
More fitting e'en than smiling May,
Is loved and hallowed Christmas day.

To old and young, afar and near,
The happiest in each circling year,
That day our Lord Himself has made :
Therein be thankful joy displayed !

For know, that once on Christmas morn,
A Holy, Blessed Babe was born :

Oh! hear ye this, both great and small;
That Babe was Christ, the Lord of all!

From heav'n His Love to us descends,
A gracious look on us He bends;
And all who once that Love have known,
Will faithful cleave to Him alone.

When from His heav'nly Throne He came,
To save all those who love His Name,
His birth-place was a humble shed,
A manger formed His lowly bed.

Think well on this, ye proud on earth,
Nor boast yourselves of lordly birth;
The Mighty Lord, whom worlds obey'd,
Was meanly in a stable laid!

Then was there seen to shine afar,
In heav'n, a new-created star;
It rises through the gloom of night,
More brilliant than the noon-tide light.

A joyous song is heard on high,
Resounding through the cloudless sky :
“ On earth below, and heav’n above,
Oh, praise the Lord, for His great love !”

The angel hosts to shepherds bring
The tidings of the new-born King,
And thus proclaim the wondrous birth,
That gives Salvation to the earth.

“ The precious infant, Christ, is born ;
Blessings He brings to men forlorn ;
He loves them all with heartfelt love,
And showers gifts from heav’n above.”

Quickly the joyful news extends,
Through happy groups of list’ning friends ;
The sick who hear forget their pain,
And hail their Blest Redeemer’s reign.

From parent, child, or brother dear,
All eager press the words to hear,

And learn how Jesus, by His birth,
Has brought Forgiveness down to earth.

Oh, Thou! who, once Thyself a Child,
On all mankind in goodness smiled;
Still deign to be the children's Friend,
And to our hearts Thy Spirit send!

Take from us grief, and pain, and woe,
And cheerful pious hearts bestow;
Keep us on earth both good and pure,
And make our path to heav'n secure.

Christ the Great Physician.

To Judah's land a Holy Man once came,
And wide o'er distant nations spread His fame.

Where'er He went, before Him straight were brought,
Those who were grieved in body or in soul;
His aid the sick, the blind and lame, all sought,
And eagerly they cried: "Lord, make us whole!"

Nor e'er did He refuse such cries to hear ;
But, quickly moved with tender sympathy,
Would thus, in tender accents, calm each fear :
“ If you believe, your pray'r shall granted be !”

E'en while He spake, the blind received their sight,
The sick and maim'd were raised to health again,
And cripples walk'd, endued with sudden might ;
Of all who ask'd His help, none ask'd in vain.

Then burst from all the song of praise and love :
The wondrous Pow'r that thus all evils heal'd,
They know could only come from God above ;
And Jesus Christ the Saviour stands reveal'd !

And still through distant nations spreads His fame ;
From age to age still hallow'd is His Name.

Jesus blesses Little Children.

CHRIST is so good, He joys to hear,
And grant each humble meek request,
That rises from a heart distress :
To all He lends a gracious ear ;
E'en children, little though they be,
Are welcomed, when to Him they flee.

Behold the scene, when here below,
Closely the crowd His steps pursue,
While feeble women, struggling through,
Into His presence fain would go,
And eagerly their children bring,
To dedicate to Christ their King.

Each mother, anxious to obtain
A blessing for her darling child,
Implores, with looks and accents wild,
Leave to approach ; but all in vain :
No passage will the throng afford,
And chide their wish to reach their Lord.

But hark ! His voice is heard aloud !
He marked their efforts all the while,
Watched o'er them with a gracious smile,
And thus reproves th' opposing crowd :
" Oh ! let the children come to Me ;
Theirs shall the Heav'nly Kingdom be."

Close to His heart He press'd them all,
In gentle words pronounced them blest,
Beneath His love He bade them rest,
And fear no harm that might befall.
Oh, then, how full of joy were they,
Nor e'er did they forget that day !

My dear Mamma, how much I long,
Like them, to be to Jesus dear !
Oh ! teach me how to please Him here,
To shun each act or thought of wrong,
That He may bless me with His love,
And let me live with Him above !

"What manner of Man is this, that even the winds
and the Sea obey Him."—MATT. viii. 27.

WILD roars the wind, the waves rise high,
But yet the Lord is higher still ;
They ne'er can work me any ill,
While guarded by His watchful eye.

Once on the sea did Christ' embark,
And, worn with care, He fell asleep :
Fierce storms arose ; the furious deep
Tossed o'er the boat its billows dark.

The poor disciples, sore dismayed,
Deem that they surely there must die :
"Save, Lord, we perish !" then they cry ;
And quick He rises to their aid.

Ever in danger prompt to save,
He raised His hand, and spoke His will ;
The winds were hushed, the sea was still,
The bark glides smoothly on the wave.

I too, if danger should be near,
Will quickly to the Lord repair,
And humbly beg His gracious care :
So shall I no misfortunes fear.

Christ feedeth Five Thousand.

KINDLY do mothers all provide
Bread for each child, their joy and pride !
And fathers still their wants relieve,
Lest cold or hunger make them grieve.

But more than any father can,
Far more than e'en the richest man,
Will God the Lord on His bestow ;
Yea, all that they can want below.

Christ in the Desert fixed His seat ;
There full five thousand round Him meet,

And gladly from His lips is heard
The Heavenly Truth, the healing Word.

Little they heed the waning light,
Nor think how soon will come the night :
Near Him, their wants are all forgot ;
They fast, and yet they hunger not.

But He has thought upon their need,
And shown His thoughtfulness indeed ;
He knows that they are far from home,
Nor wills that hungry they should roam.

Five loaves they have, a scanty store,
Yet wished He not that it were more :
Power and strength are in His hand,
And wonders follow His command.

See where for crowds the table's spread,
To all He portions out the bread ;
All eat, and all are satisfied,
With the rich gifts His cares provide.

Now see, as fades the failing day,
Forth the five thousand wend their way,
And long they think of Him with praise,
And thankful songs to Him they raise.

The Good Shepherd.

SINCE Thou, my Saviour and my God,
As a good Shepherd, deign'st to say,
That Thou wilt guide us with Thy rod,
And watch Thy flock, lest any stray ;

To be Thy lamb I should rejoice ;
Thee will I gladly follow still,
Will always hearken to Thy Voice,
And ever keep Thy Holy Will.

Then Christ, my Shepherd and my Guide,
Will always love and care for me ;
For all my wants He will provide,
And lead me through Eternity !

Christ raiseth the Dead.

WHOE'ER goes mourning on his way,
To Christ his Saviour let him pray :
Though fast his tears might fall before,
His Lord will cause him weep no more.

Behold, from out the gates of Nain,
Slowly advance a funeral train !
Extended on the bier, is borne
A youth, cut off in life's gay morn.

His mother follows, full of woe,
Such as fond mothers only know :
Alas ! he was her sole support ;
Why were his days so few and short ?

Her pitying neighbours share her grief,
But vainly strive to give relief :
She looks on him within his bier,
And faster flows each bitter tear.

But help is nigh ; for now appears,
One, who has power to dry all tears ;
Willing to cheer all those that droop,
Christ Jesus meets the mourning group.

He, who when all of life is fled,
Can, by a word, revive the dead,
Pities the widowed mother's lot,
And comfort thus He gives : " Weep not ! "

The bearers pause at His command,
While Jesus takes the youth's cold hand,
And thus, in words of might, He cries,
" Young man, awake ! I bid thee rise ! "

Thus raised from death's short sleep, our Lord
To her fond arms her son restored :
Then did the mother's heart rejoice,
Then rose to God her grateful voice.

And still let us our voices raise,
Let all men loudly sing His praise !

Our Saviour is all Goodness still,
And great His wonder-working will.

Beneath the stroke of want or pain,
We shall not sink, if He sustain ;
His Hand from death itself will save,
And make us triumph o'er the grave.

WHERE dwells the gracious Lord ?

Look upwards to the clear blue sky,
Which through long ages firm doth stand,
And spreads abroad an arch so grand,
Beyond what man can e'er descry :
Then view the stars which brightly shine,
Like windows in the House Divine.
There dwells the Gracious Lord above,
And thence He rules the world in Love,
And watches with a Father's care,
O'er all who raise to Him their prayer.

Where dwells the gracious Lord ?

Walk forth within that forest drear,
And mark the rocks like columns high,
Mountains that seem to touch the sky,
And trees that giant-like appear.
List ! where the rustling breeze doth come,
List ! to the distant valley's hum ;
Thy heart will beat, thou'lt feel full well,
That there the gracious God doth dwell :
His presence there thou canst not see,
But 'tis His breath that blows o'er thee.

Where dwells the gracious Lord ?

Hear'st thou the bells with silver chime,
That call thee to the House of Prayer ?
What solemn stillness reigneth there !
How sweet and joyful, yet sublime !
What songs of praise from thence arise,
The grateful heart's pure sacrifice !

It is because the Lord dwells there,
That people flock from far and near,
Humbly His Throne to bow before,
To pray, to praise, and to adore.

Where dwells the gracious Lord ?

His Home is in the Realms of Space ;
Yet should it please our Maker well,
Within the smallest nook to dwell,
There will He fix His resting-place.
Small is, indeed, the human breast,
Yet God within vouchsafes to rest :
Oh ! keep thy heart, then, pure from sin,
So will our God abide therein,
With heav'nly joys His dwelling store,
And never, never leave it more.

PART II.

The Sun.

As parents watch o'er all their children dear,
So the sun shines on all both far and near ;
His children are each bird, and beast, and flower,
And even man, in all his pride and power :
For God has placed the sun on high in heaven,
To warm all those to whom He life has given,
And still unwearied at his post he's found,
Nor e'er neglects his duty's daily round.

Rain.

God knows each tree and herb,
By Him they all were made,
And when oppressed with heat
He sees them droop and fade,
With a kind Father's care,
He sends the gentle rain,
Revives their leaves, and cheers
And freshens them again.

The Stars.

WHEN the Stars are shining from heaven so bright,
It seems as though angels look'd down from the
height,
And bent o'er us children with love and good-will,
And rejoiced in our slumbers, so sound and so still.

Good Gifts for all.

To keep him quite snug the snail has a house,
A smooth silky coat clothes the wee little mouse,
With feathers each sparrow's as warm as they,
And the butterfly's down is both soft and gay.
Now tell me, my dear, what comforts have you ?
I've stockings and shoes, and warm petticoats too ;
And father and mother, and life, health, and joy ;
All these God has given to me, happy boy !

Each in its Proper Place.

You ask me why the birds have wings ?
Because it pleased the King of kings.
On earth are placed both beasts and men,
Who play and work, and play again ;
They through the land roam here and there ;
The birds God made to dwell in air,

He gave them therefore wings to fly
And hover in the bright blue sky ;
There they may sport the livelong day,
And freely flutter, safe and gay.

God sees and cares for All.

BIRDS that frolic through the air,
Flowers sweet that look so fair,
Butterflies that gaily soar,
Sheep that graze the meadows o'er,
Trees and shrubs in forest green,
Where the stags and deer are seen :
God doth all at once survey,
Feeds and guards them night and day.

Bees.

THE little bees do roam
Working so busy all the day,
And still unwearied wing their way
To bring the honey home.

And who has told them then
Where they may find this precious food,
For them and you and all so good?
They were not taught by men.

That God alone could do.
He stores the food within the flower,
And gives the bees the skill and power
To fetch it home for you.

The Power and Love of God.

DEEP is the sea and wide earth's round ;
But wider than the earth's vast bound,
And deeper than the depths untrod
The Wisdom, Love, and Power of God.

The little fish that careless swim
Are known and watched and fed by Him ;
The meanest in His bounty share,
And none could live without His care.

When furious billows rear their head,
Filling the seaman's heart with dread,
God speaks the word, the storm subsides,
And safe each vessel homeward glides.

Nothing hid from God.

THE lark carols clear in the bright blue sky
A hymn to the Lord of all,
Who looks down from His glorious throne on high,
Well pleased with her lowly call.

The fish in the sea, though dumb they be,
Show forth their Creator's praise,
As they dart about in their sportive glee,
Though no words of song they raise.

For the Lord can hear every word and tone,
Of sorrow, or joy, or love ;
And without a word, every thought is known
To Him, on His throne above.

Do not Sin.

Do not wrong by day or night!
'Tis not hid from Jesus' sight:
He from heaven looks on us all,
On the great and on the small,
And the night to Him is light.

Though Mamma be far away,
He is near you all the day:
When you act a naughty part
You grieve your loving Saviour's heart,
Oh! beware of this, I pray!

Praise.

To Thee, my God and King, I'll raise
The frequent hymn of grateful praise;
For Thou, who reign'st in Heaven above,
Wilt not despise my humble love.

The angel hosts with loud acclaim,
From world to world, declare Thy Name ;
Yet Thou, all glorious God and King,
Art pleased that babes Thy praise should sing.

God's Fatherly Love.

FROM the glorious heav'n above,
Where the angels are,
God looks on each child with love,
And with tender care ;

Listens always to their prayer,
Guards them night and day,
And, with all a Father's care,
Guides them in the way ;

With a Father's bounteous hand
Gives them daily food ;

Helps them when in need they stand,
Filling them with good.

This to all dear children tell ;
You've a Father kind,
Who will ever love you well,
And keep you all in mind.

The Year.

TWELVE months has the year,
And its days,—Oh ! I fear,
You can't undertake
Their reck'ning to make !
Think then, and with praise,
How, through each of these days,
God has still been your friend,
Bidding angels attend,
From all ill to defend.

Sunday.

GOD from heaven thus did speak :
"Seven days are in the week :
Six of them to you I give,
Labour then that you may live.
But the Sunday is mine own ;
Then do no works but these alone ;
To serve, and praise, and honour Me,
And good and pious learn to be."
Remember, dearest child, always,
What God the Lord of Sunday says.

The Church Bell.

BELL, with solemn earnest sound,
Echoing all the city round,
Far and near thou seem'st to say :
"Hark ! it is the Lord's own Day ;
Come then, come to Church and pray."
Bell, I love thy hallow'd voice,
And at the blessed sound rejoice.

Morning.

WHEN God's command o'er all the skies
Bids dawning daylight fresh arise,
How gay and bright all nature seems :
The sky is decked with rosy beams,
The trees adorned with glittering drops ;
The breeze plays o'er the mountain tops ;
The birds arise and blithely sing ;
The lambkins skip with joyous spring ;
And ev'ry blade is gemmed with dew.
Come, child, and all these beauties view,
And love the Lord, and trust Him too.

Evening.

WHEN at evening man and beast,
Faint and worn, from toil have ceased,
God the Lord for them provides ;
Light and sun He kindly hides,

Calls forth Night, and thus He bids :
" Cover with thy friendly veil
Every child whose strength would fail ;
Seal with sleep their closing lids."
All around spreads darkness deep,
Cradling us in softest sleep,
God, our Father, watch will keep.

Baby in its Cradle.

BABY Brother, on thy bed,
Gently rest thy little head ;
I will sing a pretty song,
Lulling thee to sleep ere long.

Angels kind will hover near,
Wave their wings around thee, dear ;
Sweetly cool thy rosy cheek,
And in dreams with thee will speak.

They will teach thee things so bright
That thy face with smiles shall light ;
O'er thy tiny hands they'll bend,
Fondle thee, and kindly tend.

And from Heaven's eternal throne
God will guard thee as His own.
He who sends His angels here,
Is Himself for ever near.

Christening Hymn.

BABY Brother, thou art christened,
On thy face pure drops have glistened ;
Thou belong'st to Christ alone,
His Thou art, and not thine own.
Thou hast gained a Christian name ;
Keep it free from sin and shame ;
Thus through life shalt thou be known
One whom Christ has called His own ;

He will guide thee safe from ill,
Teaching thee to keep His will ;
And when life shall ended be,
He will open Heaven to thee :
Babe, rejoice then, thou art christened ;
Holy drops on thee have glistened.

The Lost Sister.

THEY took away my Sister dear,
And they have laid her sleeping here,
 Beneath this grassy mound ;
With many a kiss I tried in vain
To call her back to me again ;
 Her sleep was far too sound.

But there will come a glorious day
When her deep sleep will pass away
 At God's Almighty Word ;
The angels then with joyful love
Will guide her to the world above,
 To live there with her Lord.

Then dearest Mother, weep not so,
Because no longer here below
 Thy little one may dwell ;
She is not lost, but from on high
She looks with fond and watchful eye
 On all who loved her well.

Going to School.

My Brother and my Sister go
 Together every day
To school, and many rhymes they know
 And prettily can say.

My Mother dear ! Oh ! let me too
 Go with them there, I pray ;
I'll take great pains, and learn to do
 All things as well as they.

So very little once was I
I could do nought but play,
But now I'm grown up very high,
Oh! let me go, I pray!

Making up a Quarrel.

My Sister, are you cross with me?
I will be quite good-humoured, see!
If still you're angry, then I fear
You know not how I love you, dear!

Come let us be at peace again,
Our parents will be happy then,
And God Himself in heaven will know,
We little ones are good below.

The Bible.

THE Bible is a holy Book,
It teaches us of God the Lord,
And joy and wealth this holy Word
Doth bring to those who search and look.

We read therein of Christ, the Lord,
How He came down from heaven above,
And show'd to men the purest love,
Sinless alike in deed and word.

And there we learn of heaven likewise,
How we may hope to enter in,
And be God's children free from sin,
Whene'er from hence through death we rise.

Then dear Mamma, oh! help me, do!
This Book of books with ease to read;—
There I shall gather peace indeed,
And God will bless both me and you.

Morning Prayer.

O God of Heaven, I enter now
Upon another day, •
Then help me, Lord, and teach me how
To be Thy child alway.

O let me do no harm to-day,
But good and docile be,
That so my dearest parents may
Have cause to joy in me.

Evening Prayer.

GREAT God, if in this day's career
Thy child have angered Thee,
My prayer of sorrow deign to hear,
And kindly look on me.

Lord, from my heart I pray to Thee,
Forgive me every ill,
In every virtue strengthen me,
And love and bless me still.

Grace for Meals.

ALL gracious God, Thou givest food
To all the creatures of Thy hand ;
And all that live, in field or wood,
In Thy remembrance ever stand.

Thou keep'st me still, and givest me,
For every day, my food and drink.
My heavenly Father, thanks to Thee,
Who thus vouchsaf'st on me to think !

Nature's Rivalry.

BRIGHT shines the sun,
And stars do run
Their course in brilliant rivalry;
By day and night,
O let their light
Recall their Maker's majesty.

The larks do sing,
And lambkins spring,
Each morn in joyous rivalry;
And now can you
Inform me, who
Still bids them wake so joyfully?

Sweet breezes blow,
And streams do flow

In soft and gentle rivalry ;
Observe whose care
Directs them where
To bend their course obediently.

Of man and beast,
All, e'en the least,
Rejoice in happy rivalry :
Then humbly own,
One Power alone
Gives life to all so bounteously.

All things do raise
One constant praise
To God in thankful rivalry :
With heart and voice
Do you rejoice
In God who reigneth gloriously.

Prayer and Praise.

THE bells they ring,
 The birds they sing,
 Each doing that which best he may ;
 And, Children, you
 Must also do
 Your best to praise the Lord away.

Then pray and sing !
 So good a thing
 To do too oft you need not fear ;
 Each day you live,
 God more doth give,
 Than hope itself could picture near.

Both night and day,
 Then, sing and pray :

You could not live one moment more,
If daily new,
Faithful and true,
God's mercies did not go before.

While yet you're young,
O let your tongue
In prayer and praise perform its part ;
For God will hear,
And hold full dear,
The thanks and prayers of childish heart.

Come learn, then, how
To praise Him now ;
And when you're old 'twill cheer your mind :
While you have breath
And e'en in death,
In prayer and praise you'll comfort find.

Birds, Flowers, and Streams.

THE bird upon the tree,
So small you scarce can see,
 Yet sings so clear
That all the people round
Will come to hear the sound,
 From far and near.

O'er the gay meadow ground
A thousand flowers are found
 In ev'ry part ;
Where'er you pass them by
Gay colours meet your eye,
 Gladdening your heart.

The tiny streamlet flows,
As down the dale it goes,

With murmur sweet ;
The cattle prize it well ;
And men its value tell,
When parched with heat.

And now, my Darling, say,
Who made these three so gay,
And sweet, and good ?
'Twas God the Lord, I know,
Who gives to all below
Life, joy, and food.

God loves to see His Creatures' joy.

THE lambkins skip
In meadows green,
The bees do sip
Each flower that's seen.
The birds they sing
The whole day long,

Till echoes ring
With cheerful song.
Then God looks out
From heaven above,
And the glad rout
Beholds with love ;
From day to day
His flock doth feed ;
No care have they
Or fear of need.

God knows all things.

CANST thou sum up each brilliant star
That decks the firmament on high ?
Or count how many clouds there are
That flit across the wintry sky ?
The Lord alone can count them all,
And one by one each star can call ;
Not one escapes His searching eye.

Know'st thou how many insects play
In every glowing beam of light ?
How many fish are gliding gay
Beneath the water clear and bright ?
The Lord has given them each a name ;
Through Him they into being came,
And live rejoicing through His might.

Know'st thou how many a child doth rise
Each morning from his tiny bed,
And hath all day nor cares nor sighs
To grieve and vex his heart and head ?
The Lord of heaven with pleasure sees,
And takes delight in all of these :
Thou too by Him art known and led.

Night.

Now night returns and shade ;
My bed is ready made ;
There snugly shall I lie,
"Blessed by the Lord on high.
For He through all the night
Will have me still in sight.

While God is ever near
I'll rest secure from fear ;
His angels watch will keep
Over my peaceful sleep ;
They'll cover me from harm,
And shield me from alarm.

And when again bright day
Arouses me to pray,
Quick from my bed I'll spring,
And thankful hymns will sing.
All praise my God to Thee,
Whose angels watch o'er me !

The Four Seasons.

OH ! the Spring, the beauteous Spring !
Loveliest time that God doth bring !
Then the earth with flowers looks gay,
Then young lambkins skip and play,
Then fresh grass and herbs arise,
And the birds salute the skies.
Men ! remember, God doth bring
Thus for you the smiling Spring.

Next comes glorious Summer tide
When the sun burns far and wide ;
But with soft and gentle showers
God doth bless both fields and flowers ;
Gives the farmers store of corn,
Bread enough for all that's born :
Men ! be thankful : God is good,
Bidding Summer bring you food.

Then the Autumn ! harvest time,
Rich in gifts for ev'ry clime,
Trees are thickly loaded now,
And with fruit are bending low.
God looks on with Father's care,
Calling all His feast to share :
Men ! receive His gifts with joy ;
Honour Him in their employ.

Winter comes with cold and storm ;
God provides us clothing warm :
Earth is wrapp'd in thickest snow,
Sheep have woollen coats you know ;
Feathers soft protect each bird,
No complaints from them are heard ;
Men have hearth and home besides,
Praise the Lord, who thus provides !

Despise no one.

Do you know the ploughman there ?
He has no fine clothes to wear :
Though he's poor despise him not,
God appointed him his lot ;
Bidding him, with patient toil,
Day by day to till the soil.

Then 'tis God Himself you know
Makes the corn to spring and grow,
Bringing forth its precious seed
To supply the ploughman's need,
Sending bread for him and you ;
For God loves the ploughman too.

Is the workman known to you ?
Hard and rough his hands 'tis true.

And he toils by day and night :
Yet we must not scorn or slight
One whom God has called to labour,
Working for his richer neighbour.

God it was who made his hand,
Made him quick to understand,
Gave him strength his work to do
And his business to pursue ;
And the work he does, you see
Turns to good for you and me.

Do you know the shepherd boy ?
How he tends his flock with joy,
In the open fields all day,
From the city far away ?
Him while worldly men despise,
God approves with loving eyes.

Jesus is a Shepherd too,
Faithful to His flock and true :

All His creatures He will feed,
Satisfy their every need,
Lead them lest they go astray,
Bless them richly every day.

Have you seen before your door,
A beggar ? ragged clothes he wore ;
Leaning feebly on his stick
He hobbled forward, old and sick :
Had you pity on the poor ?
Then the Lord was pleased, be sure.

Each good gift from God descends ;
Then behold the poor He sends,
Watching from His throne on high
If the rich their wants supply.
Of His blessings freely give ;
Thou shalt more from Him receive.

Praise God in Winter.

SING praise to God in wintry hours,
For He is gracious still,
Through nipping frost, and beating showers
He guards the seed from ill.

He clothes it with the thick white snow,
A covering soft and deep ;
The wintry wind it does not know,
But rests in quiet sleep.

In winter let your praise be heard,
For God is good and kind ;
So well He clothes each little bird,
The cold it need not mind.

His care provideth here and there
The grain of various kind,
And guides the little sparrows where
Their fitting food to find.

O praise Him ev'ry winter's day,
So good and kind is He;
He guides you also on your way,
And fills your hearts with glee.

He with good gifts poured forth each day
Your limbs and soul will fill,
With strength for work, with heart for play,
With faith more precious still.

The Child in the Garden.

A CHILD went into the garden to play,
The winter had kept him in many a day:
"I'll stay in no longer, the sun shines so bright;"
And he dances away with spirits light.

And he sees the flowers that bloom around,
And the trees and shrubs of that garden ground;
He cannot be tired of playing there,
And his heart is glad that they are so fair.

And the trees, and shrubs, and flowers, all try
Who best can sing praise to the Lord Most
High,

The Lord who is mighty in love and in power,
But who made and cares for the humblest flower.

The flowers look friendly and kind, and say :
“Do you know, dear child, who made us so
gay ?

Whose hand it was that scattered us round
To scent the air and adorn the ground ?

’Twas the Hand of God, that Hand of might.
To Him belong all the colours so bright ;
He sprinkled us each with our varied hues,
And we live and grow by His sunshine and dews.

And now we stand in this garden and blow,
Some brilliant with colour, some white as the
snow ;

As the Lord hath made us, some short, some tall ;
And we are our Maker’s children all.”

Then, as they rustle and wave in the breeze,
The child hears a voice from the dark green trees ;
“ Sweet are the flowers and fair to see,
But look how lovely our green leaves be.

The Lord this clothing of green bestows
On which the eye of man may repose,
And in Summer He sends his gentle dew,
And His cooling rain to refresh us too.

In Spring with blossoms we're covered o'er ;
In Autumn we bear a plenteous store,
And the apples yellow and red, you know,
Are the gifts of God to men below.”

Then rises the wind in whispers mild :
“ Thou canst not see me, my little child,
But yet I am come to tell to thee
What the Lord of Heaven doeth with me.

When breathed from His mouth I hasten forth
To the east, or the west, the south, or the north,

And carry the scent of the flowers so fair,
And scatter it round in the summer air.

I carry the rain where He bids it go,
To water the thirsty land below ;
And as the raindrops refresh the ground,
I rejoice in the coolness of all around."

Then the dear little birds His praises sing :
" See how gaily we hop, and fly and spring !
'Twas the Lord who made us with bodies so light,
And showed us our way, and directed our flight.

It was He who taught us in cheerful song
To praise Him in Summer, all day long ;
And tuned our voices so full and clear,
To rejoice the ears of all that hear.

'Tis from Him we learn how to build our nest,
And He gives us our young ones therein to rest,
And guards us, and keeps us, providing our food ;
And is always so bountiful, kind and good."

So from tree and flower, from wind and bird,
The child his Creator's praise has heard ;
And he hears it gladly, and joins his tongue
To the general chorus, in sacred song.

Christmas Carols.

I.

HAD I been in Bethlehem living
That holiest Christmas Day,
I would quickly have run to the manger,
Where the Infant Jesus lay.

For there was our Saviour lying
On a poor and humble bed ;
And yet in His smiling glances
Might heavenly love be read.

Now he, blessed Lord, who loves Thee,
However young he be,
Shall ever be kept from evil,
In gladness serving Thee.

And though it will not be my portion
To visit Thy manger bed,
Yet I know Thou wilt dwell in my spirit;
So shall I be safely led.

O watch Thou my every feeling,
And teach me to love Thee right,
To give myself up to serve Thee,
With all my power and might.

II.

THE blessed feast of Christmas,
Returning year by year,
Reminds us how our Saviour
Is still for ever near.

How He with words of blessing
Is waiting at our door ;
How when our path is doubtful,
He walketh still before.

By us, His little children,
The blessed Jesus stands ;
And gently will He lead us,
With His own gracious hands.

III.

O BLESSED Lord, whence is it
That thou didst once come down
This sinful world to visit,
And leave for it Thy crown ?

Why are Thy glances falling
On us so tenderly ?
And why art Thou still calling
Us little ones to Thee ?

'Tis Thine own love, my Saviour,
Would lead us to be blest,
Would mend our ill behaviour,
Would give us peace and rest.

O to Thy Heavenly dwelling
Bring me, Lord, by Thy grace,
Where I, Thy praises telling,
May see Thee face to face.

Little Children coming to Jesus.

AND can it really be
That Christ indeed did say :
“ Let children come to Me,
And turn them not away ?”

That Jesus deigned to press
The infants in His arms ?
That He vouchsafes to bless,
And keep them from all harms ?

And I too am a child ;
I call upon Thy name,
Because Thy mercy mild
The youngest child may claim.

O Jesus ! let me be
For evermore Thine own,
That I at last may see
In Heaven Thy glorious throne !

Prayer to Jesus.

JESUS, my Redeemer, hear !
Be Thou to my soul most dear !
None, my Saviour, is like Thee,
None so full of mercy free.
Even to the youngest child
Thou art gracious, friendly, mild :
Yes, Thou tak'st them in Thine arms,
Seal'st them, keep'st them safe from harms.

Jesus, my Redeemer, hear!
Be Thou to my soul most dear!
Lord, I do remember Thee,
To Thy kingdom take Thou me.
Life and body, heart and soul,
Give I Thee, entire and whole,
Let me ever with Thee stay,
Suffer not Thy child to stray.

Good Friday.

HAVE you not nailed upon the cross,
Even by your sins, your loving Lord,
Whose help, in time of need and loss,
So graciously on you was poured?
Yes! for your guilt the Lamb was slain,
And oft you grieve His heart again.
What if He henceforth coldly look on thee,
If He refuse thy gracious Friend to be?

Ah ! Jesus, Saviour, think no more
Upon our sins ; Thy pardon give !
Thou art so gracious ; come and pour
New grace on us, that we may live.
From sin do Thou, Lord, set us free ;
New hearts and lives we ask of Thee,
That ev'ry one of us, both great and small,
With love sincere upon Thy name may call.

Easter Day.

AND is our gracious Saviour dead,
And laid within His narrow bed ?
O hearken all ! no need have we
On His account in grief to be.
To-day's the blessed Easter feast,
When He was from the grave released.

I too must die, none knows the day,
And death must take my life away ;

But Christ is able to do more,
He will that life again restore ;
He'll wake me from the grave's dark night,
And lead me into heavenly light.

Ascension Day.

LET all be glad and gay,
For 'tis Ascension Day !
Look up with joy and notice how
The glorious gates stand open now.

For Jesus Christ is gone
Back to His Father's throne,
To wear again the heav'nly crown
He left when He to earth came down.

The Angels all rejoice,
And with exulting voice
They go to meet their gracious Lord,
Now to their heavenly hosts restored.

And we poor children fain
A sight of Him would gain,
Because we are allow'd to call
Our Lord, the Brother of us all.

Because His grace still brings
All good and precious things,
And He will one day come again
And take us with Himself to reign.

Whit-Sunday.

'Tis now Whit-Sunday, children hear
Why this day should be so dear.
While the Lord's disciples still
Fearful of the Jews' ill-will
Keep concealed with closed doors,
He His Holy Spirit pours
On their hearts ; and by His aid
They go forth, no more afraid,

Boldly now His Word to preach
Instructing all within their reach ;
Truth in ev'ry land is taught,
Sinners to their Saviour brought.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Come this day of Pentecost !
Come and dwell on earth with me,
Let me Christ's disciple be,
Give my understanding light,
Let me learn Thy laws aright ;
Give me grace to keep them too,
And with joy Thy will to do :
Teach me, guide me in the way,
Lest in paths of sin I stray ;
Sanctify me with Thy grace ;
Bring me to my resting-place.

Lobe to Jesus.

THEY who love Jesus alone can be gay ;
They are never deserted by night or by day,
And even from Heaven, where He sits on His
throne,

The Son of God still loves and looks on His own :
Dispensing His blessings in bountiful shares,
For all His poor creatures He thinks and He
cares :

He thinks even of me, e'en of me He takes heed
That, by day and by night, no good thing I may
need.

A Little Child's Prayer.

LORD Jesus, who from heaven above
Look'st down on children with such love
And gentle pity mild;
Lord Jesus Christ, I pray to Thee,
Be ever near, and look on me,
And take me for Thy child.

I am but young, and scarce can tell
What's wrong to do, and what is well;
Teach me my Father's will!
My strength, O Lord, is far too slight
To do what yet I know is right:
Let me Thy laws fulfil.

Thou wert Thyself a holy Child,
Thy heart was ne'er with sin defiled,
When Thou wert here below.
O Lord, I know Thou canst do all,
Help me, be with me when I call,
More like Thee may I grow.

The Hand of God.

WHO has seen the Hand of God ?
That strong Hand,
At whose command
Earth, and sky, and ocean stand ;
Mighty Hand, by which the earth
Was created good and fair,
Which has guided it through air,
From the moment of its birth.
Tell me, have you never been
Where the power, weak man defending,
Where the care so condescending,
Of that Mighty Hand were seen ?

Watch the sea's resistless force.
Winds do blow,
And to and fro
Drive the vessel from her course,

The wild sport of wind and wave ;
And the sailors, pale with fear,
Scarce can hope the ship to save :
Yet at length she gains the land,
Ev'ry storm and danger o'er.
Who hath brought her safe to shore ?
Mark ye ! It is God's right Hand.

Now behold the farmer's toil :
That his field
May plenty yield,
He with care prepares the soil ;
Then he strews the precious seed,
Hoping for a full return.
Tell me who, for I would learn,
Makes the farmer's toil succeed ?
Who has warmed and fed the land
With the sunshine, dew, and rain,
Ripening thus the golden grain ?
This too is the Lord's right Hand.

Well your loving mother knows
 What you need ;
 With tender heed
Giving you both food and clothes.
The caterpillar there without
Has never known a mother's care ;
Alone to seek its daily fare,
On grass and leaves it crawls about.
Can you tell whose goodness free
This poor insect clothes and feeds,
Satisfying all its needs ?
Here the Hand of God you see.

Look upon the sky so blue :
 Sun and star,
 Near and far,
Hold their stedfast courses true.
Watch the rain-cloud drifting fast,
Watch the little streamlet flowing ;
Each its ordered way is going,
Serving God from first to last.

Look at these, dear child, and say,
Who has led them, can you tell,
Each to do its work so well?
God's right Hand has shown the way.

You have seen the Hand of God
When with care
Here and there
You have marked its works so fair.
'Tis the Hand that made the sun,
Moon, and stars to give us light,
And by its power this very night
Could destroy them every one.
'Tis a Father's loving Hand
Which protects and guides us all,
Rules the great and guards the small,
That we still unharmed may stand.

The Eye of God.

EYE of God, so piercing clear,
Thy changeless light
By day and night
Glances on Thy children here,
All the words and ways can see,
All the secret thoughts concealed,
Even of a child like me,
To Thy faultless sight revealed.
Oh! how gladly would I see
Thee in all Thy glory shine,
Love Thee, trust Thy grace divine,
And behold and honour Thee.

Art Thou then the morning light,
When far and wide
The sky is dyed
Rosy all with glory bright,

And the clouds with golden rim
Are dazzling to the eyes that gaze ?
No ! 'tis but an image dim
Of the splendour of Thy rays.
Morning's beauty cannot stay,
Hardly come 'twill disappear ;
But Thou art the same all day,
Ever watching bright and clear.

In night's stillness calm and deep
 Art Thou a star,
 Shining afar,
On mine eye-lids while I sleep,
With a calm and steady light ?
Clouds arise and pass away,
Still it shineth clear and bright
With a never changing ray ;
But, around the heavenly throne,
Many, many stars are beaming,
Through my window curtains gleaming,
While Thou art the Only One.

Art Thou then the sun's warm light ?
And looking there,
Oh ! may I dare
Think I have of Thee caught sight,
And that Thou art all too bright
For my dazzled eyes to bear,
So that I must shut them quite
Or look down with humble air ?
But the sun can only shine
In the broad and open day ;
While Thy glances can survey
Darkest cave and deepest mine.

Thou art none of these, Oh no !
But 'tis Thy might
That gives them light,
And bids them shine with borrowed glow.
In the dawning morn art Thou,
Waking us to joy and life,
And in evening twilight now
Resting us from toil and strife.

By the light of yonder sun
Thou dost lead us on our way,
From the stars Thou send'st a ray
Of blessing when the day is done.

Eye of God, so pure and holy,
Where'er I go,
Whate'er I do,
Thou seest me though poor and lowly,
Seest ev'ry step I take,
All I do or leave undone ;
Wilt not leave me nor forsake,
Lest I into danger run.
Eye of God, so dazzling bright,
Thou my inmost soul canst see,
All my faults are known to Thee :
Guide me, watch me, day and night.

The Voice of God.

WHERE can I hear God's voice? Oh where?
Hear'st Thou the thunder's mighty tone,
As, echoed from the forest lone,
It peals and crashes through the air?
Hear'st thou the stormy wind at night
That makes thee tremble with affright?
That is the Voice of God the Lord:
"Ye men, respect my Name and Word,
Dare not my threatenings to despise,
For I have power to chastise."

Where can I hear God's voice? Oh where?
Mark how the balmy breath of spring
Fans tree and bough with gentle wing,
Bids field and plain to blossom fair.
That is God's summons to them all,
And willingly they hear His call,

And understand His will aright.

“Ye leaves and flowers come forth to light ;
No winter now your growth shall check,
Come forth with joy the earth to deck.”

Where can I hear God's voice ? Oh where ?
List to the whispering morning breeze
So soft it scarce can stir the trees,
When yet no light of day is there ;
But all the little birds around
Have heard and known the signal sound ;
It is the Father's call : “ Arise,
No more should slumber close your eyes.”
And cheerily they plume their wing,
While morning hymns of praise they sing.

Where can I hear God's voice ? Oh where ?
My child, behold the Holy Book,
There for the Word of God we look,
His blessing and His curse are there.
He gives His holy law and saith :
“ Keep it, and flee from endless death ;”

Then comforts thee with loving tone,
And makes His saving mercy known,
And says Himself will be thy Friend,
From every ill thy soul defend.

Where can I hear God's voice? Oh where?
Call but on Him right earnestly,
And, though no other friend is by,
He'll hear, and answer to thy prayer.
But thou must hear His word with awe,
And love to read His holy law,
Which warns of danger, rightly leads,
Promises help in all our needs,
And calls, "O hear and thou shalt live,
For mine is heavenly life to give."

THE END.



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